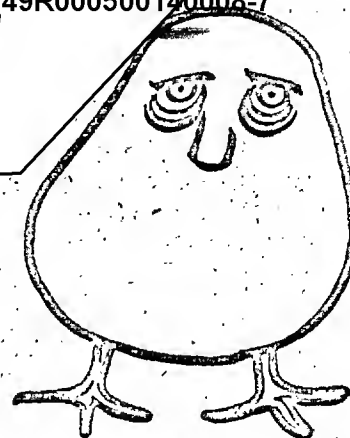


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## The Realist

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## Lenny Bruce, Tim Leary and the Search for Alienation —or, Which Deodorant Does Lyndon Johnson Use?

by Paul Krassner

I don't know where to begin.

The radio announced, "A sick comic came to a sick end last night. . . ."

Just another news item.

But consider the audacity of a man who would stand on a night club stage—the Gate of Horn in Chicago, December 1962, Lenny Bruce at the peak of his

career—request all lights off except one dim blue spot, ask his audience to have compassion for Adolf Eichmann, and then become him, continuing in a German accent:

"My name is Adolf Eichmann. And the Jews came every day to what they thought would be fun in the showers.... People say I should have been hung. Nein. Do you recognize the whore in

the middle of you—that you would have done the same if you were there yourselves? My defense: I was a soldier. I saw the end of a conscientious day's effort. I watched through the portholes. I saw every Jew burned and turned into soap. Do you people think yourselves better because you burned your enemies at long distance with mis-

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Speak No Evil



See No Evil



Smell No Evil

## The Murder of Malcolm X

by Eric Norden

Shortly after 3 p.m. on Sunday, February 21, 1965 Malcolm X walked onto the stage of the Audubon Ballroom at 166th Street and Broadway. The audience of some 400 Negroes and a half-dozen self-conscious whites stirred in anticipation.

At the podium Benjamin X, an officer of Malcolm's Organization of Afro-American Unity, wrapped up his

introductory speech. "And now, brothers and sisters, here is a man willing to lay down his life for you!"

The applause was thunderous.

Malcolm walked slowly to the rostrum. His face was strained, tired, and his step lacked its usual spring. He held up his right hand. "A salaam alaikem," he said in a hoarse voice. "Peace be unto you."

"Wa alaikem salaam," some 400 voices responded in unison. "And unto you peace."

The tense silence awaiting Malcolm's opening words was suddenly shattered. "Nigger, get your hands out of my pocket!" a man's voice shouted from the middle

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